More then a Spinster, vnlesse the bookish Theorique,
Wherein the toged Consuls can propose
As masterly as he: meere prattle without practise,
Is all his souldier-shippe: but he sir had the election,
And I, of whom his eyes had seene the proofe,
At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds,
Christian and Heathen, must be led, and calm'd,
By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-caster:
He in good time, must his Leiutenant be,
And I, God blesse the marke, his Worships Ancient.

Rod. By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.

Ia. But there's no remedy,
Tis the curse of seruice,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the olde gradation, where each second
Stood heire to the first:
Now sir be iudge your selfe,
Whether I, in any iust tearme am assign'd
to loue the Moore.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Ia. O sir, content you,
I follow him to serue my turne vpon him,
We cannot be all masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truely followed, you shall marke.
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue,
That doting on his owne obsequious bondage,
Weares out his time much like his masters Asse,
For nought but prouender, and when hee's old cashierd,
Whip mee such honest knaues:
Others there are, who trimd in formes,
And visages of duty, keepe yet their hearts,
Attending on themselues, and throwing
But shewes of seruice on their Lords,
Doe well thriue by 'em,
And when they haue lin'd their coates,
Doe themselues homage,
Those fellowes haue some soule,

And

And such a one doe I professe my sel
It is as sure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be
In following him, I follow but my se
Heauen is my iudge, not I,
For loue and duty, but seeming so,
For my peculiar end.
For when my outward action does
The native act, and figure of my he
In complement externe, tis not long
But I will weare my heart vpon my
For Doues to pecke at,
I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does t
If he can carry'et thus?

Ia. Call vp her father,
Rowse him, make after him, poyso
Proclaime him in the streete, incens
And tho he in a fertile climate dwel
Plague him with flyes: tho that his
Yet throw such changes of vexatio
As it may loose some colour.

Rod Here is her fathers house, I

Ia. Doe with like timerous acc
As when by night and negligence, t
Is spied in populous Cities.

Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, Seign

Ia. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
Theeues, theeues, theeues:
Looke to your house, you Daught
Theeues, theeues.

Brabantio *a*

Brab. What is the reason of thi
What is the matter there?

Rod. Seignior, is all your family

Ia. Are all doore lockts?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)